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Pinehot, the Impossible Candidate
THERE is nothing left of the Progressive
party except the family quarrels. Mr.
Pinehot, it is true, continues his junket about
the State, a candidate without a colleague
and without a party, but otherwise the Progressive
movement has simmered away. It
accomplished but one thing worth while in
American politics; that is, it demonstrated
beyond all doubt the utter unwillingness of
Republicans any longer to acquiesce in the
meretricious leadership which had seized
upon the party.

Mr. Pinehot is eloquent in denunciation of
Penroseism. He wants to see it driven out
and utterly disrupted, he says. There is a
way. Mr. Lewis saw the hopelessness of
election and withdrew. The Pennsylvania-
for-the-purpose-of-his-candidacy-only should
be equally quick in immaculating his ambition.
Let him prove the sincerity of his intent by
doing the one thing that is certain to ruin
Penroseism. He is now the senior Senator's
most formidable ally.

Abolish the Magistrates
THE Magistrate's Court system has again
been discredited by the scandals in the
"straw ball" cases traced to the office of the
notorious Mr. Call. The prima facie evi-
dence is quite sufficient to convince the public
that the petty courts of justice in this city
are practically in league with the criminal
classes to safeguard them from the conse-
quences of their wrong-doing. They afford
no protection to law-abiding citizens, who
look to them in vain for redress or simple
justice.

Since the establishment of the Municipal
Court the Magistrates have been a fifth
wheel to the coach, and a very flat wheel,
too. They should be abolished by a constitu-
tional amendment at the very earliest
opportunity. They have brought law and
justice into the utmost disrepute among the
most numerous class in the city, whose chief
protection they were intended to be against
just such sharks and shysters as now use
them at will to harass and oppress those
whose real hope of justice and equity lies in
the prompt suppression.

Great Britain Does Not Own the Seas
GREAT BRITAIN has been for generations
the pig of the oceans. Venice once
aimed the sea as her bride, and warned all
hers to cease their illicit intercourse. The
nited Kingdom assumes the same position
today. There are many ships owned by
American corporations that fly the British
ag. There can be no justifiable protest
against transfer to American registry of the
tober Dollar, owned nominally by a British
corporation, but in fact by American capital.
Our Government cannot afford to yield one
lot or title in this matter. The nation when
a comparative weakling dared the might of
the British Empire in defense of its right to
use the seas. It will be no less vigilant in
protection of American interests now. The
nation has decided to put the flag back on
the oceans, and it is going to do it. London
has failed to appreciate the depth of Ameri-
can purpose in this matter. In fact the British
attitude is extremely impolitic in view of
the abnormal conditions now existing, when
the friendliness of the United States is some-
thing which no nation in the world can
afford to alienate.

A Livelihood in Brain and Hand
THE value of vocational guidance and
training as a remedy for juvenile delin-
quency and dependency is not properly
appreciated. While the percentage of actual
illiteracy is large, even among American-
born delinquents, adult and juvenile, the
amount of delinquency due to partial or
deficient education and lack of vocational
guidance is even greater, and the danger
from the half-educated is more to be dreaded
than that from the wholly ignorant. Their
limited knowledge has brought them to the
point where discouragement induces the
belief that, since it can carry them no fur-
ther, education is of little value and that
"the world owes them a living, anyway."
Their lack of vocational education shows
no way out of the "blind alley" of industry
but crime, and to it they drift, becoming at once
a burden and a menace to society.

The average boy and girl in America
should be vocationally aided for the simple
reason that the majority must eventually
earn their own living. If the public schools
do no more than discover the youthful bent
toward future technical, vocational educa-
tion, they will fulfill their mission, leaving to
more advanced departments of the educa-
tional system, trades schools and the like,
the task of actual instruction in the techni-
cal details necessary to any trade.

Another Blazing Indiscipline
SIR LIONEL GARDEN, now British Am-
bassador to Brazil, and ex-Ambassador to
Mexico, has again violated every canon both
of good taste and diplomacy in criticizing
President Wilson's Mexican policy. Ever
since the Mexican situation became acute Sir
Lionel has deliberately ignored the higher
neutrality and has been guilty of blazing in-
discretions that call for his immediate sup-
pression or recall. It is not enough that the
British Ambassador at Washington should
apologize for his colleague. If Great Britain
is sincere in her friendly attitude toward this
country she should give the "blood-is-thicker-
than-water" theory a practical exemplifica-
tion by promptly recalling her Brazilian En-
voy.

America has had to play a difficult part in
Mexico, and so far our South American
"watchful waiting" diplomacy shines in most
brilliant contrast with that of Europe, which

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

UP near Brown's Station in the Catskills
they destroyed seventeen villages and
tore up the tracks of two railroads. No, this
is not a story of the war, merely a recital of
what man can do. Having finished the work
of destruction, they built a reservoir thirteen
miles long and two miles wide—the largest
in the world. They also constructed a dam
of gigantic proportions, the whole work cost-
ing more than \$12,500,000.

A young man, blue-eyed, straight of build
and alive to his work, was in charge. He was
unknown to the great mass of the people,
for he had no press agent, but Philadelphia
heard of him and his work. So Mayor Blank-
enburg induced him to leave the employ of
the city of New York and take charge of the
water system of this city. At once a hue
and cry was raised that the salary of the
new man, \$10,000 a year, was out of propor-
tion to his services and that in any case the
position should have gone to a Philadelphian.

Since then, Carleton E. Davis has worked
wonders with our water system. Typhoid
has been reduced to a minimum. The water
is clean—the department is run on a busi-
ness basis which should delight taxpayers.

"DAVIS is the wrong man in that job,"
said a member of City Councils to the
writer. "How in 'war' can he do his work
right when he drives out to the pumping
stations and filters at three in the morning to
see if the men are on the job? No man can
disparage that way and get down fresh to
the office in the morning."

Which is one of the reasons why Davis is
making good.

ONCE upon a time there was a gentleman
waiter at the exclusive Philadelphia Club.
Because of his pleasant ways, he was de-
servedly popular with the members. Now, it
so happened that he fell in love with the
daughter of the club's steward, who frowned
upon a young man who had no prospects.
The members watched the love affair with
interested eyes, and when they saw how mat-
ters were going they decided to help the
waiter.

Encouraged by them, he finally eloped with
the girl and married her. Then the mem-
bers furnished sufficient capital for the waiter
to take charge of the old Hotel Bellevue.
Since then, George C. Boldt has become rich
and famous in hotel life.

VOLTAIRE was one of those who proved
to the world that the pen was mightier
than the sword. Once, when he had paid for
a box at the Paris opera, the Duc de Lauzun,
a favorite of Louis XV, drove him out. Vol-
taire brought suit for the ejection, and the
duke's lawyer, in his opening address, ex-
coriated the plaintiff thus:

"What! Is it Monsieur Voltaire, a petty
ink-slinger, who dares to plead against the
Duc de Lauzun, whose great-grandfather
was the first to scale the walls of La Rochelle,
whose grandfather took twelve cannon from
the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured
two standards from the English at Fontenoy,
whose—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Voltaire. "I am
not pleading against that duke who was
first on the walls of La Rochelle, nor against
the duke who took twelve cannon, nor against
him who captured two standards. I am
pleading against the Duc de Lauzun who
never captured anything in his life except my
box at the opera."

He won his suit.

LITTLE MISS NINE-YEAR-OLD went to
the theatre with her father. They had
the best of seats and a box of candy. Her
father treated her as a grown-up. The light
opera was drawing to a close.

"Father," said the miss, "don't you think
I'm getting old enough to be taken to supper
after the show?"

And it cost father two dollars to make good
his promise to treat her like a real lady.

UNDERNEATH Broad street is a river. It
has caused untold bother for builders and
it will cause the expenditure of much extra
money when the subway is constructed.
So far, it has been traced from the north-
east corner of Broad and Arch streets,
south, curving around the City Hall, as far
as Walnut. When the church at Broad and
Arch was being built, the subterranean flow
was observed and dammed in more ways than
one. It came to light again when the Ritz-
Carlton Hotel was in course of construction.
There it was observed that it ebbed and
flowed in synchronization with the river tide—
two inch above normal and as much below.

No one appears to know whence it comes,
nor where it empties, but it is a really, truly
river nevertheless.

ON the street corner of Lyons, in France,
stood Elizabeth Felix, daughter of a poor
Jewish peddler, playing the violin and sing-
ing, that she might aid her sisters and broth-
ers. Eventually she drifted to Paris, where
the revolt of 1848 had turned the city topsy-
turvy. Somehow or other she fell in with
a mob of rioters, maddened with excitement.
The rabble rolled along one street into an-
other, until it came to the Theatre Francais,
renamed Theatre de la Republique.

A man lifted Elizabeth to the stage and
holding a gun to her head, ordered her to sing
the "Marseillaise."

She raised her voice—overcome by emotion,
vibrant with the import of the events in
which she was participating—and intoned the
famous battle hymn. Half singing, half
chanting, her voice rose and fell, the husky
rabble seemingly hypnotized by the frail girl.
Then she ceased and an uproar of wild ac-
claim burst forth.

From that moment, Rachel, greatest of
French actresses, was firmly established in
the volatile hearts of her countrymen. Event-
ually, when stricken with tuberculosis, she
came to this country, but was forced to can-
cel her tour. She returned to France to
die there. BRADFORD.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW
The National Municipal League is a very
well-meaning and high-minded institution, but
if it imagines for a moment that the people
of cities in general, and Boston in particular,
have the slightest notion of giving up the right
to choose their own Mayor, it is gravely de-
luded.—Boston Post.

The moral damage of this war to the school
child will be incalculable. It fills his head with
daily stories of bloodshed, fightings, passions,
revenge. Religion is so overshadowed by the
daily story of Christians blowing each other's
brains out that it is hard to make it even a
reality to him, and as to human brotherhood—
there is no such word in our vocabulary at
present except as we Americans can exemplify
it.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Thus far the war has produced no great
poem, and the first forthputtings of the poets
will be disappointing, but it is too soon to
abandon hope. The first shock
was so strong for poetic expression, which
requires a transformation of emotion into
definite form. It will be surprising if some
notable poetry is not inspired by the war, and

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

THE literary ancestor of my friend Brad-
ford, who chats so pleasantly every after-
noon in the next column but one to this, was
a man of historic figure in any account of
American journalism or printing. As already
I have mentioned the editor who first pub-
lished an evening paper in this city, I now
want to call to your mind the man who
printed the first newspaper published in this
country south of Massachusetts.

This was Andrew Bradford, the son of
William Bradford, who was the first printer
in Pennsylvania, and, for that matter, in the
Middle Colonies. Andrew was born in Phila-
delphia in 1656, the year his father issued the
first publication from his press.

There is strong reason to believe that Wil-
liam Bradford came to this country with Wil-
liam Penn, and this is one of the things that
will be cleared up when my friend Albert
Cook Myers completes his search for materi-
als for a life of the founder of Pennsylvania.
Mr. Myers is now in England, and is hard at
work gathering and copying letters and docu-
ments for his projected definitive edition of
the works of Penn. I have assumed that he
will subsequently write a life of Penn in
view of the immense amount of unknown
material he has already garnered from the
old families in this country and in England
and Ireland.

It is only fair to Mr. Myers to say that he
has not yet declared that he will do this,
but when I suggested it to him, he would not
deny that such an idea had come to him, also.

All the early Bradfords were men of dis-
tinction, and held high position among their
fellow citizens here and in New York, but
today I want to talk about Andrew in par-
ticular.

READERS of Franklin's "Autobiography"
will get an impression of the man and
printer that probably is a little prejudiced. I
have no doubt that Franklin intended to be
fair to his rival in business, both as a printer
and as a newspaper publisher, but he does
attempt to deride both the subject matter
that appeared in Bradford's Weekly Mercury
and also the typography of that and the
other publications that came from Bradford's
Press.

After the elder Bradford has been arrested
for an indiscretion, by order of the Provin-
cial Assembly, and his printing shop over-
hauled with the thoroughness of the old Rus-
sian Secret Police, the victim decided to
shake the dust of Philadelphia and set up a
shop in New York, where inducements had
been made to him by the Legislature. This
was in 1693, when his son Andrew was about
seven years of age. The boy afterward was
placed in his father's shop and learned the
trade.

There was only a limited amount of print-
ing to be obtained in New York and the Brad-
fords got it. There was a little in New Jer-
sey, and they got that, too, but in the greater
city of Philadelphia and in the more prom-
ising province of Pennsylvania there was a lot
of trade that was going to others, and the
Bradfords seem to have decided that Andrew
would better go to Philadelphia and, on the
strength of the house, get the official and
other business.

So, in 1712, we find Andrew, now a man,
back in the city of his birth, opening a print-
ing house or, as has been suggested, merely
taking over the shop which William Bradford
had left in the charge of Reiner Jensen.

At this time the only attempt to issue a
newspaper in this country had been promptly
suppressed in Boston. This was the News-
Letter, a little half sheet that I believe made
its appearance once; for the publisher, hav-
ing had the audacity to comment upon the
characters of the assembly, it was promptly
closed up.

IN THOSE days the liberty of the press had
not yet been regarded as a constitutional
right, and no printer dared make the ven-
ture. However, in 1719 another Boston at-
tempt was made, with the Boston Gazette.
The same year Andrew Bradford began the
publication of his American Weekly Mer-
cury, and this was continued for many
years. The first number was issued on Tues-
day, December 22, 1719, the day after Boston's
Gazette appeared. Among the reasons an-
nounced for the appearance of the paper was
the general one, "the encouragement of
trade."

It was a small four-page sheet, with a very
crude picture of a postboy ornamenting the
wings of the title. There was little of what
we now would call news, and for a long time
the only attempt at literary embellishment
was occasional excerpts from some of the
English periodicals.

Although the elder Bradford renounced
his membership in the Society of Friends, the
Friends seem to have brought a great part
of their printing to the younger Bradford
when he began here. He also became the
printer to the province, and the so-called
Bradford Laws were all printed at his shop.

The exact location of his office cannot be
learned, but it seems to have been at one
time at the corner of Second street and
Black Horse alley, between Market and
Chestnut streets. Outside hung his sign of
the Bible.

ANDREW BRADFORD also was one of the
earliest postmasters of Philadelphia, if not
the first, and, of course, his shop was the
postoffice. Franklin was envious of him in
this position, realizing that to be postmaster
and have the control of the postboys was a
distinct advantage in the distribution of a
newspaper. How Franklin managed to get this
office and how he turned the tables on Brad-
ford by bribing the postboys to neglect Brad-
ford's Mercury and take care of his Gazette
is very characteristic of the great philoso-
pher, who was not all philanthropist where
business was concerned.

Bradford, who died in 1742, published the
American Magazine the previous year, the
publication making its appearance about the
same time that Franklin's magazine ap-
peared.

That was another time when Poor Richard
opposed his rival and defeated him. GRANVILLE.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

A Hair-Raising Joke
From the little I have seen of purple
hair, it appears to be woman's clowning
story.

'Twas But a Dream!
He ate two big Welsh rabbits—
In the land of horror tarried.
He dreamt—it was a frightful dream—
He dreamt that he was married.

Cause for Mirth
"Why are the hyenas laughing so hysteri-
cally?" asked the visitor to the Zoo.
"Someone mentioned—" Just now,"
explained the keeper.

Insert name of statesman you don't like
over well.

Thus Died a Hero
There was fire in his eye and his flat in
his hand.
"Where's the dishonored printer who set
this obituary notice?" he thundered.
"Who's wrong with it?" meekly asked
the third subsistent city editor.

"Wrong with it? Everything! I wrote
a beautiful poem, beginning: 'She was left
a weeping widow' and then I blabbered
it under it." He read: "She had cleft a
weeping willow." Then I wrote: 'Throw thy
pearls before the swine.' And how did it
come out? How? I ask! 'Twas thy curls
as I do mine.'"

"Gently, yet firmly, they killed him, for
obituary poets are taboo in highest journal-
istic circles.

Speaking of Names
She was round and she was ruddy,
And her eyes were sharp as gimlets,
And she weighed at least one-eighty
As the hay scale record shows.
She was sound as any dollar,
And no stronger girl you've met;
Yet she big and robust creature
Had been christened Violet.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He is sissified and happy
And he shrinks from blows and strife,
And he never said a scrappy
Word in all his peaceful life.
He would show a streak of yellow
If he saw a wooden gun;
Yet this flossy little fellow
Has been christened Well-ing-ton.

—Springfield Union.

She was built of bone and gristle,
And her nose was sharp and thin,
And her eyes were sharp as gimlets,
And she had a scrappy chin;
With her tongue she tore her neighbors'
Reputation up, and she
In the days beyond recalling
Had been christened Chu-ni-ty.

—Houston Post.

He is crooked and a grafter
And he seldom tells the truth;
Has been robbing other people
Ever since he was a youth,
Beats his wife and plays the bully,
But from any man would run;
Yet this much-detested villain
Has been named George Washington.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Why There Are No New Jokes
King Ashurbanipal laid down the morn-
ing paper, remarking to the Mesdames
Ash, etc., that there was nothing new under
the sun.

"Where didst thou hear that, great King?"
asked the court jester. Which goes far to
prove that even the wisest of ancients wasn't
original.

An Aged Infant
"Miss Carter was born in Mazie, Kansas,
at the age of 23 years, five months and one
day."—Beardstown, Ill., Star.

For Norwegians Exclusively
I once put on a pair of skis*
And jumped into the skies;
But how to pronounce the name,
I haven't been put wise.

*Just heard from the human encyclopedia
who adjoins us on the northwest that the
plural of ski is skis and that the singular of
ski is sk. For which information an ex-
pectant world should be duly thankful.

A Diplomat
"How do you like your new music master?"
"He is a very nice, polite young man. When
I made a mistake yesterday he said, 'Pray,
mademoiselle, why do you take so much
pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Paris
Figaro.

One Good Bathroom, Surely
"That rich Mr. Smith is going to build a
home that will cost \$3,000,000."
"That looks as if the plumbing was in-
cluded."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Essentials
"Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher,
"who had been giving a lesson on the bap-
tismal covenant, 'can you tell me the two
things necessary to baptism?'"
"Yeas," said Tommy, "water and a baby."
—Western Mail.

Survived the Ordeal
A Scot of Peebles said to his friend Mac-
Andrew: "Mac, I hear ye have fallen in
love wi' bonny Kate McAlister."
"Yeel, Sanders," Mac replied, "I was
near—verra near—daeh! in, but the bit
lassie had nae siller, so I said to maself,
'Mac, be a mon,' And I was a mon, and noo
I jist pass her by."—Argonaut.

Fair Words or Nothing
"George," said the wife to her generally
unappreciative husband, "how do you like
my new hat?"
"Well, my dear," said George, with great
caution, "to tell you the truth,
'Still I like the color, George.' If you're going
to talk that way about it, I don't want to
know."—Ideas.

A Pleasant Ride Ahead
"Great Scott! I forgot to bring the tool kit
along."
"God," exclaimed his wife. "Now we can
go right on without taking time out for you
to tinker with the engine."—Detroit Free Press.

The Explanation Man
Oh, de explanation man, he come around
a-talkin' strong;
De words he uses soun's like dey was five
or six feet long.
He talks so ornamental dat you has a great
desire
To drop yuh dally work an' stan' an' listen
an' admire.

You kin an' 'im any question dat you chance
to have an' bid;
His an' 'er will be mos' too fine for you to
understand.

He will tell you 'bout de taxes an' de cost
of what you eat
An' 'bout de wages dat all de world wif sor-
row so complete.

But wif all dis conversation 'bout de mos'
dat he can say
Is dat men jes' keep on fightin' an' dey's
got de fas' to de
Thought he's very information an' he does
de bes' he can.

You never gets much comfort from de ex-
planation man.
—Philander Johnson in the Washington
Star.

THE IDEALIST

The pursuit of trifles is one of the most
common of human failings.

For instance: Here are two clerks in a
business office. Both have planned to go to
the ball game this afternoon. All morning
the game is on the mind of one of these
clerks; he mixes base hits with bookkeeping,
beautiful running catches with columns of
figures.

The other fellow subconsciously knows he
is going out to a ball game. But the fact
exists in his subconsciousness only. For the
present, his mind is taken up with his day's
work. If he completes it satisfactorily and
in time, he will go to the game. If not, well
—he will go some other day.

The first clerk is due at a party this eve-
ning. What will he wear to make a favorable

CURIOSITY SHOP

The expression, "knock wood," is said to
date back to the Crusades. At that time,
when religious fervor and belief were far
stronger than today, noted for cook-light-
ing candles, a prince of the royal court, an
idler carried a piece of wood, the entire
piece a part of the true cross. When evil
seemed impending, or before going into
battle, the crusaders were wont to touch the
bit of wood, usually kept in an expensive
golden receptacle. Eventually, a piece of
wood was touched for luck, and so the ex-
pression came into general vogue.

Delaware gets the nickname, the Blue Hen
State, from an expression attributed to one
Captain Caldwell, noted for his cook-light-
ing candles. In days gone by the entire
State was addicted to this kind of "sport,"
and Captain Caldwell's allegation that no
rooster could be game unless hatched by a
blue hen stuck to the State.

"As Goes Maine"
From the New York Evening Mail.

The Maine result demonstrates anew that
the Republican party cannot hope to regain public
confidence to the extent of winning State elec-
tions so long as it remains in policy and in
leadership, under control of the men whose
course in 1912 forced it to the most overwhelm-
ing and humiliating defeat that any national
political party has ever known.

The Maine verdict foreshadows the national
verdict because its voters are outside the prej-
udices that affect people in large cities. They
are accustomed to do their own thinking, and to
do it in their own peculiar way.

That independence still prevails. Yesterday's
election, therefore, has a significance that must
not be minimized by students of national po-
litical currents. Coming from a State in which
the Republican policy of protection, wherever
anywhere, strengthens greatly the Republican
cause, the figures must be regarded as show-
ing that the asserted weakness of the Wilson
Administration is a Republican force rather than
a fact. Also to be reckoned with, as equally
decisive if not equally as numerous as in 1912,
are the forces that moved forward when the
Republican party, under Barnes, Penrose and
Loring, moved backward in every sense, are
still looking forward, and they see no Republi-
can party on the horizon. It has not yet
caught up from the rear.

Maine sends a warning that must be heeded
by Republicans in every State in which they
hope to retrieve their fallen fortune.

An Appeal to the Farmers
From the New York Tribune.

Recognizing the fact that America must sup-
ply an extra large part of the world's food-
stuffs next year, the International Harvester
Company of America has begun a campaign to
arouse the farmers of this country to their
countrywide duty of protecting their lands,
to utilize every available acre and to increase
the average yield of each acre. That is ex-
tremely good advice on two counts.

The first is the natural desire of all producers
to have available a large supply of merchandise
when there is an unusual demand. With Euro-
pean crops backward, the world's food supply
is in demand and no question about the desirability
of being able to fill it with profit. The second
is the more humanitarian and altruistic con-
sideration of ability to produce more food,
allowing a surplus of American farms, the
suffering which Europe's shortage of grains
will attack, and the inevitable famine, if there
will be need for all that they can bring in
and the most propitious weather conditions
can produce.

America and Holland
From the Baltimore News.

The favor of this country seems to be courted
on all sides. The propaganda which is being
carried on here is dangerous to our peace of
mind and our spirit of fairness; not to our
national peace. But it goes on elsewhere.

There is a little country called Holland that
is struggling mightily to preserve its neutral-
ity, and to which we would spell ruin and
perhaps obliteration. Yet for all the efforts and
labor of war that the world's powers are daily
expressing, each is spending its efforts in
inciting that little country to hostility against
the other. What a splendid opportunity it is that
permits such things? The world is already
half embroiled. Why should the other half be
incited with unsubstantiated accusations,
half-truths, exaggerations, that, if believed,
must at the very least embitter its neutrality
and may even lead it to combine offense against
the other half of the world, to depart from an
honestly impartial course?

Sober Second-Thought Treaties
From the St. Louis Republic.

Treaties of peace and arbitration are valuable
manifestations of public sentiment. They also
help to create an esprit of peace. They are
educational and they foster habits of
thought that make for sobriety and moderation.
The Bryan commission treaties are designed to
insure delay and give reason and common sense
a chance. If such treaties had been in force in
Europe last July, and if Austria and Serbia, to
begin with, had lived up to them and appointed
a high joint commission of inquiry, the war
might have been averted. The whole world
knows that delay and opportunity for more dis-
cussion and moral pressure were devoutly
wished for at that anxious time. Without
cherishing illusions then the acceptance by so
many Powers of the Bryan treaties must be
welcome as a heartening sign. Such treaties
will be part of civilized and democratic ma-
chinery of war prevention. Military cabals
never can wait; peace loving nations will give
themselves ample time for reflection and sober
second thought.

Fighting It Out
From the New York Herald.

Any cessation of hostilities (in Europe) at
this time would be a disaster to the cause of
true peace, a disaster to humanity. Far better
that the issue of Prussian militarism be fought
now.

IN THE CORNFIELD
Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill
Whistles a snatch that ticks his soul up-
sought.
And fills some time with tune, albeit shrill;
The cricket tells straight on his slugs'
thought—

Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
The peevish insect in and out his night;
Far down the wood, a one desiring dove
'Times me the beating of a heart of love!
And these be all the sounds that mix, each
turn.

With waving of the corn.

There, while I pause, my fellow-faring eyes
Take harvests, where the stately corn stalks rise.
Of inward dignities,
And large benignities and insight wise.
Graces and modern majesties!

Thus, without that I read another's self;
Thus, without ill, I house a wondrous yield.
And heap my heart with quintuple crops con-
cealed.

—Sunny Land.